A FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

The Castle of If-The French Castle of this Name Not the Only One-Every Town has a Few-To the Snorters and Snivellers Must be Added the If-But-ers- he Impediments of the Mind-The Castle of Biff the Source of Vim.

I suppose you've all of you heard or read of the Castle of If, near Marseilles, France. Only the Frenchmen call it the "Castle d'If," which I uncall it the "Castle d'If," which I un-derstand they have the indubitable right to, as they built it and it be-longs to them. If a man can't call the thing he makes by the name he chooses what's the good of the constitution and the Declaration of Independence, any-way? But, while I freely admit their right to say "Shattow deef," If they want to, horses and oxen can't make me call it anything but "the Castle of If."

It has been a notable prison, and many famous names, historical as well as Dumas-invented, are represented on as Dumas-invented, are represented on the roster of its involuntary guest-book. Standing on a rocky island, surrounded by the deep waters of the hay of Marseilles, it has always been considered a mighty hard place to get out of. People confined there could wander around the corridors or stand on the towers and gaze longingly tow-ards the vine-clad hills of the blue shore, without much chance of getting away. They didn't wear shackles and away. They didn't wear shackles and chains, didn't have to be confined in burglar-proof cells. A visitor might hardly distinguish the prisoner from the guard by any outward mark. Yet around those picturesque roofs the unscalable air and the unswimphile suit. scalable air and the unswimsble gulf set barriers more impassable than triple walls of steel and concrete,

But you don't have to go to Marseilles to find another "Castle of It." I've got a farmer neighbor who lives in one, not a mile from me. It doesn't look in the least little bit like a castle or a prison. It hasn't any towers nor any thick walls with barred windows. Nor is there the slightest trace of a most around it. It looks, for all the world, like a common, everyday farmhouse—a little time-worn, perhaps; out-at-the-heels, as one might say; a triffe discouraged, if such a word may be applied to a mere building. But it's not dilapidated nor really forbidding. There's nothing about it to draw the special attention of the casual passer.

Yet, if ever there was a "Castle of If," It is this farmhouse. There's an "If" standing guard forever at the front door, and another, even bigger, watching at the rear. One sits down to dinner with the family regularly, and one roosts on the headboard of the masters' bed each night. There's another out at the barn sitting on the haymow and a little one lies always. other out at the barn sitting on the haymow and a little one lies always between the plow handles. It's "It' here and "If" there. "It it would only"

—; "If it only wouldn't"—

"if" it hadn't been for the weather, he'd have plowed that back lot last spring and got a good crop of potatioes. "If" the mowing machine hadn't been broken, he'd have got that hay in from the east meadow without its having been soaked and spoiled by the rain. "If" he'd only known how high eggs were going to be, he'd have saved those pullels that went into the pot last summer and had eggs to sell now. "If" he could only get some shingles as good as he used to buy fifty years 120, he'd shingle the barn and stop its leaking. "If" he only had a thousand dollars more, he would buy that adjoining lot, hire an extra man and lo wonders next year. "If" the town would only straighten the road, fill in he swamp, bore a short tunuel through he hill the road now goes over, why, hen he could draw bigger loads to harket and perhaps make something. If" his neighbors would only keep in their line fences better, then he'd ix his, too. "If" somebody else would inly do something different, then everything would be lovely.

Oh, yes, and if turnips grew already

Oh, yes, and if turnips grew already belied and buttered, he wouldn't have to store 'em and have 'em cooked. If sumpkin ples hung on trees he could jet his lunch very easily. If the brooks han milk he wouldn't have to keep lows, and if little roast pigs roamed bround begging him to slice 'em up ind eat 'em, he wouldn't need a pignen. If it rained automobiles and aerollanes he could get to town regardless of roads—if he didn't blow up or break his neck starting. If there wasn't any winter it would be summer ill the year—or something else. If the world was only different, why, then, it yould be a different world. Oh, hucks!

Some post once said that "In the bright lexicon of youth There's no such word as 'fail." Perhaps not; I don't know. I've got

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.) | out of that "bright lexicon" into one that's a little more cloudy, at times, and less certain in its definitions. Nevand less certain in its definitions. Nevertheless I wish there wasn't such a word as "if' in, any lexicon, nor such a thing in life as seems to be implied by the word. I wish there wasn't any "Castle of If," with its big "Ifs" for jailers and its little "Ifs" for constant companions. But there are lots of them. My neighbor isn't the only one who lives in that sort of prison. Similar "If" houses stand in every country town and along every highway. The worst of it is that they won't keep their "If" broods at home, but send them out to infect the whole countryside. Such places seem to radiate gloom and discontent, as more cheerful and sweeter tempered Nature radiates sunlight and warmth.

To the two classes I talked about, last week, please add another—the "If-But"-ers. You know the formula: "If things were so and so, I'd win. But since they are otherwise, I lose. When people once get fairly settled in any old Castle of If, their daily life and conversation thenceforth becomes a succession of "Ifs" and "Buts."

Now—what—is the use? Of course if I were always 25, my old back and legs wouldn't get tired so quickly as they do at 55. If I were 11 feet high, with four arms and hands, and eyes in the back of my head as well as the front, I could do four times as much work as now—and about eight times as much as any of the doddering dabsters I can hire. Just think, however, of the amount of pork, pie and potatoes it would take to keep such a critter! Now-what-is the use? Of course if

Anyway, I'm not 25 and I never shall be again. I'm not able to do four men's work and I never shall be. We all are what we are, and we're in a world which is what it is. The old brand of pletists used to parrot forth the assertion that "Whatever is, is right." Which means—If it means anything—that everything is just as it should be. Now we all know better than that. that everything is just as it should be. Now we all know better than that. Things are not just as they should be and people are not just as they should be. Our whole life is devoted, in society, in politics, in the church, to trying to improve things and folks and make 'em better. Which would be just blithering idiocy if we really believed that all things and everybody were just as they should be. No, indeed; there's plenty of room for criticism and plenty of room for betterment, all 'round. But, while it is our bounden duty to try to smooth up the old world, so far as our sandpaper will reach, it is also our bounden duty to make the best of that which we can't change.

world, so far as our sandpaper will reach, it is also our bounden duty to make the best of that which we can't change.

Are you quite sure in your own mind that the world is a bad job? Then make the best of it! Grit your teeth, spit on your hands, take a fresh hold and just—everlastingly—pull, till something starts! You probably won't be able to pull Lantern Hill off the face of of the landscape, but you may, possibly, be able to pull a stook of corners thing starts! You probably won't be able to pull Lantern Hill off the face of of the landscape, but you may, possibly, be able to pull a stook of corners the simplicity of the open cordwood home for a kitchen fire, or a loose rock out of the highway. "If" you were only president, you'd resident of the United States in civilian's dress and with wilted collar to do the honors to a neighboring republic where the gold braid and tinsel is not all given over to the army and navy. That asked to reform everything all in a minute, or do any other wonders. To few, indeed, ever come opportunities in them doing them over again. We're poor servants—worse than that, we're unworthy workmen, when we scant and neglect our little duties because of their poor servants—worse than that, we're unworthy workmen, when we scant and neglect our little duties because of a wilted collar. He appeared as an American citizen, no more impervious to the rays of a Mexican broader as it is on the other, for on this side the president will not be discredited because of a wilted collar. He appeared as an American citizen, no more impervious to the rays of a Mexican broader as it is on the other, for on this side the president will not be discredited because of a wilted collar. He appeared as an American citizen, no more impervious to the rays of a Mexican broader as it is on the other, for on this side the president will not be discredited because of a wilted collar. He appeared as an American citizen, no more impervious to the rays of a Mexican should be appeared as an American citizen, no more im more ginger into our work and hoe Mr. "If" under the first hill—to help fertilize it

My neighbor, who has inspired these reflections, is really a pretty good sort, at bottom. Once in a while he gets out of bed feet foremost and starts into the morning with a genuine man' look on his face. Those are the days when you can't find an "if" around his place. The creatures know when they meet their master and hunt their holes instanter. Why can't he keep up that spirit all the time? His "Chateau d'If" would soon change into a "Castle of Biff." suggestive of the way in which he met difficulties, and swatted them into quiescence. into quiescence.

THE FARMER.

WAS DRUMMER IN FAMOUS

John L. Miller of Providence Had Been Connected with Reeves' Amar-ican Band and Other Organizations.

John L. Miller, one of the prominent usicians of Providence, and for the ast twenty-five years connected with Reeves' American band, died at the Reeves' American band, died at the Rhode Island hospital Tuesday of Bright's diesase. He was in his 49th year. Mr. Miller was born in Providence June 6, 1861, the son of John and Susan Miller, and went to the public schools. When only ten years old he was drummer boy in the old National band. When a young man he became a member of of the noted Reeves American band and continued with that organization until the formation of Clarke's hand. He was a protege and a particular friend of the late bandmaster," D, Wallis Reeves. Mr. Miller went with the new organization as manager, but after a brief Mr. Miller went with the new organisation as manager, but after a brief existence, Clarke's band disbanded and he went into Fay's Second Regiment band. When Edward M. Fay took over the American band, Mr. Miller continued with Mr. Fay and remained with him to the time of his death. A few years ago he started to manufacture drums and met with considerable success in that line. He was a member of the Musicians' union and the Theatrical Mechanics' association. A widow and children survive Mr. Miller.

A Complaint from Mexico.

It appears from the excited comment

It appears from the excited comment of some of the newspapers of Mexico that the president set an example of Jeffersonian simplicity on the occasion of his recent meeting with President Diaz for which he is to be cordially commended.

The complaint of the editor of El-Keskabel, published in Guadalgiara, is almost as bitter as that of the English emissary who was met by President Jefferson clad in dressing gown and slippers run down at the heel:

"Remembering the excursion of the white squadron through all the seas, an excursion that cost millions of dollars, and was solely an extravagant ostenexcursion that cost millions of dollars, and was solely an extravagant ostentation to acquant the world of the wealth of the Yankee, I had hoped that the executive Taft would bring to the frontier a regin ent of soldiers splendidly dressed, a good battery of artillery and a resplendent staff. But no senors; there was indeed a sad contrast.

schors; there was indeed a sad contrast.

"While our president went adorned in his grand uniform of a general, made in Paris at a cost of 25,000 francs, President Taft wore a suit that did not seem to be his own, due to its looseness. His collar was wilted by perspiration, and there was not the slightest impression of elegance. He went in a coach (it might have been a public hire), while our preside rode in a splendid landau, and the soldiers, the Mexicans, were in gala dress, with well polished boots and well brushed clothes. Those of our neighbor were in leggins, yellow shoes, khaki clothes, and, what is the worst of all, "undershirt."

"How shall this American negligee

"How shall this American negligee be interpreted? Was it to make dent the freedom of the Yankee?

Fermentation and Flatulence Prevented

In the Stomach by Charcoal, the Great Absorbent, Anti-Fermentative,

occurred when willow charcoal was employed.

He was in the Habit of prescribing from two to six teaspoonfuls for his patients, but he himself frequently took as much as 500 grammes, or more than fifteen ounces per day. There is really no such thing as taking too much charcoal. An excess cannot be taken, for the reason that the more you take the better it is for you, as it is entirely harmless, and through its use your system will be completely cleansed of all its impurities, the fermentation of food and the formation of gas in the stomach prevented and the absorption of toxic products or poisonous material into the blood from the stomach and intestines estopped.

When a regular physician took as much as fifteen ounces of charcoal deally its berelessness and beneficial

When a regular physician took as such as fifteen ounces of charcoal ally, its harmlessness and beneficial

reputation spread to this country and now we find charcoal lozengers extensively sold, prescribed and embloyed as dyspepsia remedies. Dr. Belloc's charcoal was administered to his patients in the form of powder stirred up in water, which was very disagreeable to the taste, and its efficacy was far less than in the form of a lozenge. Stunrt's Charcoal Lozenges are a great and happy improvement upon this form of administering charcoal. They are made of the best willow charcoal, freshly prepared, and rendered exceedingly palatable by the addition of pure honey, which gives them a taste that is in strong contrast to that of ordinary powdered charcoal. Nothing could be more efficacious in its effects than charcoal given in this desirable form. Two or three of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges taken after meals are sufficient to give complete rellef. Go to your druggist and buy a box, but insist on having Stuart's as there are many worthless limitations on the market, not made of willow wood, but of polar, box-wood, dogwood, etc., which are not good for the system. For sale everywhere, 25 cents per box. Sample box will be sent free by mail upon request. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 200 Stuart Bidg., Marshall, Mich.

Valets for Students.

Undergraduates who entered the often melancholy entrance to the dean's office at Yale university this week were met with the conspicuously posted sign: "No private servants are allowed in the college buildings." Yale has always been opposed to valets, but to the western collegian it must seem strange that these luxurious impeditmenta shold have to be formally barred from the campus. Such a prohibition would sound like boisterous farce at Illinois, and it would be little short of a riot call at Wisconsin. But it is a more serious matter in the sophisticated east, and there are graduates of Harvard today who wish that Yale's signboard could have been posted, in the magnificent dormitories at Cambridge a decade ago. Body servants are not needed at our universities. A little-more intellectual valeting is the tonic being prescribed by every academic practitioner from President Lowell down.—Chicago Evening Post.

Dr. Cook's "At Last."

Dr. Cook's "At Last."

Dr. Cook's "At Last."

Whether it is sad or funny, we cannot easily determine. But a newspaper editor has dug out of Dr. Cook's book about the ascent of Mt. McKinley this interesting paragraph:

"At last! The soul-stirring task was crowned with victory. The top of the continent was under our feet. Our hands clasped, but not a word was uttered. We felt like shouting, but we had not the breath to spare. The thing that impressed me first was the noble character of Edward Barrill, the bigness in heart and soul of the the bigness in heart and soul of the man who followed me without a word of complaint, through hopelessness to

success."

Evidently Dr. Cook had not scaled all the cliffs and crags of human nature, even if he had reached the summit of this lofty peak. As he stood there, clasping the hand of Edward Barrill, he had no premonition that the big-hearted guide would swear to a circumstantial denial of the whole story, as it was already shaping itself in his mind.—New Bedford Standard.

Section 1 don't look for any winter weather until well up in December. I don't look for much snow or ice. I don't look for any ice until after the first of January. The milt indicates the cool weather we have had the last two weeks. I look for a reasonably early spring."

Farmer Bennett, with his hog's milt, is in the minority, but it is to be hoped he's right.—Hartford Post.

Some of the automobilists who went through Connecticut on Friday night and Saturday morning to the Vander-bilt race suffered from swollen eyes, lips and faces generally, the result, it ips and faces generally, the result, it is said, of red pepper thrown in the streets of some of the towns passed through. This was a decidedly mean trick, and it would be well to know what towns harbored persons engaged in such—an outrage. Several of those who suffered from this cause went back from the race by rail and their faces showed plainly the results of their injuries.—Bridgeport Standard.

Keen Competition.

A member of the Roosevelt hunting expedition has undertaken the ascent of Mount Kenla, which thereby threatens to become the Mount Mc-kinley of Africa, — New Orleans

In one year the number of taxicabs in London has more than doubled, and the horse-drawn cab will probably soon be extinct.

There will be a good deal of popular sympathy in this country with Sir Thomas Lipton's wish to lessen the obstacles in the way of another challenge for the America's cup. Whether the New York Yacht club will see its way clear to modify the terms on which it holds the cup remains to be seen, but that organization is, to some extent, committed to the policy of encouraging the building of boats fit to cross the ocean. In 1993 it adopted a raile designed to favor cruising yachts, as distinguished from racers, pure and simple. It would make only a new application of that principle if it felt free to construe the deed of gift under which it received the America's cup so as to lead Sir Thomas to make another trial.

That the club has had misgivings as to the result of another international race would be an unfair assumption, but the loss of the cup would not be a tragedy. The effort to recover it would furnish a new incentive for competition between American and foreign yacht designers.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Hog Milt Proprecy.

A Hog Milt Proprecy.

Prognostications of a hard and cold winter "don't go" with Farmer C. F. Bennett of West Cheshire, this state, who pooh poohs the goosebone, the thick cornhusk, the chipmunk's thick fur, the caterpillar's black stripes and all the other time-honored and weather beaten signs and symbols, and pins his faith to the "hog's milt," or spleen. In writing his annual hog milt prognostication to the World, Farmer Bennett says:

"My predictions are as follows: A late fall. I look for the month of November to be warmer than October. I don't look for any winter weather until well up in December. I don't look for much snow or ice. I don't look for any ice until after the first of January. The milt indicates the cool weather we have had the last two weeks. I look for a reasonably early spring."

Farmer Bennett, with his hog's milt, is in the minority but it is to be honed

Can't Ignore Fowler.

Can't ignore Fowler.

Congressman Fowler's challenge to Senator Aidrich for a joint debate on the central bank plan will not be formally accepted, it is safe to say, informally it will be accepted, as Congressman Fowler knows, and the result will be to the alvantage of the country. The New Jersey student of the banking problem cannot be ignored, even by Uncle Joe Cannon. What he has to say about the banking and currency system will be worth hearing, and the members of the currency commission who realize that there must be a reasonable approval and acceptance of any plan of reform that is to become successful will realize that what Congressman Fowler says will be worth answering and carefully considering. It is essential that there shall be an open debate on the proposed legislation.—Boston Herald.

The Baptist temple in Brooklyn has invited Rev. Dr. Len C. Broughton of the Baptist Tabernacle in Atlanta, to become its pastor.

Worry over fil-health does you bealth no good, and merely causes wrinkles, that make you look older than you are. If you are sick, don't worry, but go about it to make yourself well. To do this we repeat the words of thousands of other former sufferers from womanly ills, similar to yours, when we say, Take Viburn-O.

11.25 at druggists. FRANCO-GERMAN CHEMICAL CO. 106 West 129th Street, New York.

DON'T WORRY;

It Makes Wrinkles.

Lee's Remedies

THE REMEDIES WHICH ARE MAKING NORWICH **FAMOUS**

Most of the Manufacturers

Cough Syrup

WE MAKE NO SUCH CLAIM. All the Thousands

LEE & OSGOOD'S White Pine and Tar

make the same assertion for Lee & Osgood's White Pine and Tar Syrup that the manufacturers make for theirs.

Who's opinion is most valuable? When you have a cough or cold try a bottle and decide for yourself. Price 25 cents.

The Lee & Osgood Co.

Manuafcturing Chemists. 131-133 Main Street, NORWICH, CONN.

If your druggist does not keep it, will sail on receipt of 25 cents. nov2daw

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THOSE WHO CONTEMPLATE MARRIAGE

If you have any idea of getting married before 1910, please get your order for Invitations or Announcements in at once before the final rush. Even now, we are very busy, working nithts and shall continue to do so right up to January first. We are the people who furnish Wedding Invitations and Announcements, Card Plates, Monograms, Coats of Arms, Creets, etc., and do Stamping and Printing in the very best manner at the lowest possible prices. Our work is done by the very best manner at the lowest possi-ble prices. Our work is done by the best engravers in New York city, and no one, not even Tiffany, can furnish better work than we do. You will find our prices very much smaller than Tiffany prices. Please call and see samples of the latest styles and

Cranston & Co., novidaw 158 Main Street.

JOSEPH BRADFORD. Book Binder.

Blank Books Nade and Ruled to Order 108 BROADWAY. oct168

Men's Fur at Half the regular

A good assortment and sizes

A Special Sale on DUCK STABLE BLANKETS at \$1.60, worth \$2.50 A limited number on hand.

L. L. CHAPMAN'S 18-20 Bath Street.

Watch Repairing done at Friswell's

speaks for itself.

WM. FRISWELL, 25-27 Franklin fan22daw

Have You Noticed the Increased Travel?

It's a sure sign of good weather and fine roads. People like to get out into the open air. We furnish the best method, and if you'll take one of our teams you'll say the same.

MAHONEY BROS., Falls Avenue.

Brown & Rogers

Wish to announce to the public that they are all ready for the Fall Paint-ing and Paperhanging, in all of its branches at living prices, with Com-petent Men to do the work at short notice.

If you desire a clear complexion take Foley's Orino Laxative for constipation and liver trouble as it will stimulate these organs and thoroughly cleanse your system, which is what everyone needs in order to tell well for sale by Lee & Oagood Co.

LETTERS FROM TWO STATES.

Social and Personal Items.

The New Movement Bible class connected with the Shannock Sunday school served an oyster supper in the evatry Friday evening.
Mrs. Albert Hoyle is the guest of

friends in Peacdale.

Miss Florence Milner spent Sunday with Miss Mertie Handell at Hope

Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dawley. Archie Dawley, from Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Moore and son. Andrew. and Miss Mabel Kirby from Westport, Mass., spent Monday evening with the Rev. Warran Dawley and family.

Mrs. Lucy Dawley, who has been speding a, few days with her aunt, Mrs. Frank Rice, in Westerly, has returned home.

home.

Miss Edua Dawley spent last week with friends in Wakefield.

Miss Mary L. Hoxie made a trip to Westerly Tuesday.

The Philathea and Baraca and Bible

DO NOW

Check your Cough, Cold or Throat Trouble

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

TO-MORROW MAY BE TOO LATE



Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute

WASHINGTON COUNTY, R. I. classes connected with the Shannock Sunday school met at the parsonage on Wednesday evening.

RICHMOND Classes connected with the Shannock Sunday school met at the parsonage on Wednesday evening.

Nathaniel Hendrick is employed in the express office in Providence.

ROCKVILLE

Silver Baking Dish Wedding Gift to Mr. and Mrs. Irish.

About a dozen of the young people of this place called on Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Irish Wednesday evening, leaving them a beautiful silver baking dish as a wedding gift. Mr. and Mrs. Irish were recently married and have this week commenced keeping house. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lanphear of Westerly were recent guests of relatives here.

Emory C. Kenyon has been laid up a week through injuries caused by being kicked by a horse.

Clarence Kenyon of Providence was at his home here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kenyon have been visiting friends at Westerly and About a dozen of the young people

been visiting friends at Westerly and Mrs. Osmas Edwards and daughter Gladys and Mrs. Harold Crandall went to Westerly Monday.

ARCADIA

Rumored Sale of Arcadia Mills.

William E. Briggs came home from Newport, R. J. to use the privilege of elective franchise. John H. Gardiner, who lives near Four Corners church, has sold his farm to E. M. Tillinghast.

farm to E. M. Tillinghast.

Mrs. Henry Mayne and Miss Etta
Woodmansee were guests of Mrs. O. P.
Bates one day recently.

Edward C. Thornley is working on
the highway that is being macadamized in Richmond, R. I.

Mrs. I. M. Barber has been visiting relatives and friends in Providence
during the past week.

Rumor has it that E. M. Tillinghast
has sold the Arcadia mills estate.

Pinchot's Fame. Mr. Pinchot seems to have earned the appelation of Noble White Man of the Forest.—Anaconda Standard.

Some Glory. After All. Anyhow, Peary and Cook had Col-Washington Post.

and Deodorant.

Some years ago Dr. Belloc, a retired surgeon of the French army, turned his attention to charcoal as a remedy for dyspepsia, fermentation and flat-

for dyspepsia, fermentation and flatulence, or gas in the stomach and intestines. He was himself a sufferer
from these symptoms, and thus had
an opportunity of testing personally
its therapeutic action.

He decided after many tests that
charcoal made of willow wood was by
far the best. He found that charcoal
made of other woods caused a disagreeable taste in the mouth—even
painful excorlations of the mucous
memebrane, as well as thirst, and a
pinching sensation in the stomach;
but not one of these symptoms ever
occurred when willow charcoal was
employed.

effects as an absorbent deodorant, germ-destroyer and dyspepsia cure should be apparent to all. The Academic Nationale de Medicine of Paris reported very favorably on a memoir which Dr. Belloc published on the use of charcoal, and in France it soon became a favorite remedy. Its reputation spread to this country and now we find charcoal lozengers exten-

FACTORY SUPPLIES PIPE PIPE FITTING THE FEET FROM CHINATED. ROBERT BROWN ESTATE. ARTHUR M. BROWN, Manager

Bell's Seasoning:

Always found on your Mother's Pantry Shelf.

Remember it?

DELICIOUS LAMB CROQUETTES. (Chicken or Beef Croquettes made in the same manner are excellent.) Prepare 5 cups of chopped lamb. Take 1 even tablespoons butter, melt in saucepan, and add 1 heaping tablespoon flour and 1 cup of milk, stirring continually until it boils. Add 1 even teaspoon of Bell's Seasoning and 1 even teaspoon salt. Break 1 egg over the meat. Pour over same the sauce made as above, and stir thoroughly. Make into croquettes of size desired, and put in a cool place to harden. Fry in hot lard. Serve with green peas.

Remember, a 10c. can of Bell's Seasoning is sufficient to flavor the dressing for 160 lbs. of meat or poultry, and the 25c. can 300 lbs.

For Delicious Sausages, Flavor with Bell's Sausage Seasoning.

What and Where to Buy In Norwich

55, 57, 59 West Main Strast.

Telephone 133.

\$4.00-BOSTONIANS-\$5.00

Stock No. 2352 is a Wine Poplar Blucher, full double soles, on the C. G. last. No. 21,372 is a Russia Caff, Button, Johnnie Jones last. 22,401 is a Tan Poplar Blucher, with an extension top, made from willow calf. Just the right shade for a tan shoe. We guarantee full value for your money. P. CUMMINGS,

53 Central Avenue.

W. COOPER — UPHOLSTERER

Special Bargain for 10 Days. I will make no charge for repairing or polishing the wood work on any upholstering jobs you may bring to me. Drop postal and I will call. 259 West Main St.

RYE

Fancy New Rye for Seed

A. R. MANNING'S. Yantio, Conn.

OUR WORK

meets the approval of the critical people.

Rogers' Domestic Laundry. Rear 37 Franklin Street.

Potatoes 75c bush.

THAMESVILLE STORE

Goods. The Best Progress Fiour. If you want a good article, there is no

better, although we have cheaper

Joseph F. Smith,

FLORIST

200 Main Street, Norwich.

grades if you choose to buy them.

Have got a line of White Rose

O. FERRY. Tel. 703.

336 Franklin St. Free delivery to all parts of the city.

DR. JONES, Dentist, 35 SHETUCKET ST.

'Phone 32-3 Room 10